Didſt rob it of ſome taſte of tediouſneſſe;
But fare thee well, there is a Ducate for thee,
And *Launcelet*, ſoone at ſupper ſhalt thou ſee
Lorenſo, who is thy new Maſters gueſt,
Give him this Letter, doe it ſecretly,
And ſo farewell: I would not have my Father
See me in talke with thee.

Clowne. Adiew, teares exhibit my tongue, moſt beautifull Pagan, moſt ſweet Iewe; if a Chriſtian doe not play the Knave and get thee, I am much deceived; but adiew, theſe fooliſh drops doe ſomething drowne my manly ſpirit: adiew. *Exit.*

Ieſ. Farewell good *Launcelet*.
Alacke, what heinous ſinne is it in me
To be aſham'd to bee my Fathers child,
But though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners: ô *Lorenſo*,
If thou keepe promiſe I ſhall end this ſtrife,
Become a Chriſtian and thy loving wife. *Exit.*

Enter Gratiano, Lorenſo, Salaryno, and Salanio.

Loren. Nay, we will ſlinke away in Supper time,
Diſguiſe us at my lodging, and returne all in an houre.

Grat. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not ſpoke us yet of Torch-bearers.

Salan. Tis vile unleſſe it may be quaintly ordered,
And better in my minde not undertooke.

Loren. Tis now but foure of clocke, we have two houres
To furniſh vs; friend *Launcelet* what's the newes.

Enter Launcelet.

Launcelet. And it ſhall pleaſe you to breake up this, it ſhall ſeeme to ſignifie.

Loren. I know the hand, in faith tis a faire hand,
And whiter then the paper it writ on
Is the faire hand that writ. *Grat.* Love, newes in faith.

Launc. By your leave ſir. *Loren.* Whither goeſt thou,

Launc. Marry ſir, to bid my olde Maſter the Iewe to ſup to night with my new Maſter the Chriſtian.

Loren. Hold here, take this, tell gentle *Ieſſica*

I will

I will not faile her, ſpeake it privatly.
Goe Gentlemen, will you prepare yo
I am provided of a Torch-bearer.

Salar. I marry, Ile be gone about i

Salan. And ſo will I.

Loren. Meete me and *Gratiano*, at
Some houre hence. *Salar.* Tis go

Grat. Was not that Letter from fa

Loren. I muſt needes tell thee all,
How I ſhall take her from her Fathe
What gold and jewels ſhe is furniſh
What Pages ſute ſhee hath in readine
If ere the Iewe her Father come to h
It will be for his gentle daughters ſak
And never dare misfortune croſſe her
Vnleſſe ſhe doe it under this excuſe,
That ſhe is iſſue to a faithleſſe Iewe:
Come goe with me, peruſe this as th
Faire *Ieſſica* ſhall be my Torch-beare

Enter Iewe and his man that

Iew. Well, thou ſhalt ſee, thy ey
The difference of old *Shylocke* and *B*
What *Ieſſica*, thou ſhalt not gurman
As thou haſt done with me: what *I*
And ſleepe, and ſnore, and rend appa
Why *Ieſſica* I ſay. *Clowne.* V

Shy. VVho bids thee call? I doe

Clow. Your worſhip was wont t
I could doe nothing without bidding

Enter Ieſſica:

Ieſſica. Call you? what is your w

Shy. I am bid forth to ſupper *Ieſ*
There are my keyes: but wherefore
I am not bid for love, they flatter m
But yet Ile goe in hate, to feed upon
The prodigall Chriſtian. *Ieſſica* my
Looke to my houſe, I am right loth

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merchant of Venice* (STC 22298) LONDON, 1637 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.